

Sapphire Gems

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Summary: Bijou is the new girl and she's positive she's going to hate America. That is, until she meets her new friends, goes to awesome new hangouts and meets her first possible crush. HamtaroxBijou two shot. R&R. Flames are prohibited.

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\*\*A/N\*\*\*\*: I'm baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaack!\*\*

\*\*Hey ya'll! Here's my second two/shot that I just had to write. It's Hamtaro/Bijou for those who wanna know. Here is Part 1!

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\*\*Well... 'nuff said. Enjoy! \*\*

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>When Bijou Annamarie Ribon first heard that she was moving, she didn't know what to do. So many questions ran through her head. Why were they moving? How did this happen? Who suggested they move? Where were they going? What was going to happen to them? When was this decided? <p>And as if that wasn't any worse, she was moving to the United States. She couldn't understand why she was moving so far away. After all, Paris was her home. Her only home. She had too many friends, too many things to look forward to. Hell. She had that HUGE party at Chantal's to attend on New Year's Eve. How could she go when

she was a million miles away in a strange town  
called...<p>

"Tex...as?" Bijou squinted at the computer screen as she read the unfamiliar word. Her parents had searched up their new home on the Internet to show their daughter. "Zhat is the state where we shall be living in." Monsieur Ribon, Bijou's father explained proudly to his teenage daughter.

"You are going to love it, ma cherie!" Bijou's mother, Maudmoiselle Ribon smiled. Ever since her parents had began considering moving to the United States, Bijou and her family had been practicing their English. \_That explained the extra lessons.\_

"\_Mais mere, pourquoi--!\_" (But mother, why--)

"Bijou?"

Sigh.

"But muzzer, why do we 'ave to move? I love eet here in Paree!" Bijou whined in her best English. She pouted at the pictures, and folded her arms across her chest. "We already told you, \_mon amour\_ (my love) We feel it is best if my company were to transport me to Texas to continue with my business." Monsieur Ribon was the most fluent with his English.

"Besides, you will have a wonderful time! I hear Americans your age are much nicer zhan French children." Maudmoiselle Ribon hugged Bijou. Bijou pouted. \_Zhat eez not what I hear from my friends! \_she thought to herself.

So, it was decided. A few weeks later, Bijou's friends threw her a Good Bye and Good Luck party for her(that lasted until 4 am), her family came to bid their farewells and Bijou was off to the place called Tex...as. (?!?)

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\_\*\*Dear Diary,\*\*\_

\_\*\*My first impression of Marble Falls, Texas? It is much warmer than Paris. \*\*\_

Bijou wrote in her new pink Hello Kitty journal she had insisted she'd buy at the airport. She thought the kitten on the front cover was cute, and it was the least Bijou's parents could do after forcing her to start a new life in the USH--United States of Hell! Stupid Texas and their stupid marble walls. Or falls. Whatever!

\_\*\*It is not very big either. It is nice. And rather pretty. But it has nothing on Paris. Ohhh, how I miss France! \*\*\_\_Beta Etats-Unis!  
\_(Stupid United States)

"Well? What do you think of Marble Falls, miss Bijou?" the limousine driver asked her. Bijou faked a smile. "Eet eez small. But..." \_What was that word again?\_ "...nice." \_Good enough.\_ "Trust me, you'll get the hang of it. Nobody has ever **\*\*not\*\*** fallen in love with Texas!" the driver said with an edge of pride in his voice.

"Oui..." Bijou nodded and stared out the window. \_What a strange accent he has! Do all Americans talk like cowboys?\_ Bijou felt relieved to be alone in her own car, while her parents rode in another. Possibly rambling on and on about the wonderful places they would be seeing. \_They can count me out!\_

Suddenly, the limo screeched to a halt. Bijou, neglecting to wear her seatbelt, was thrown forward. "What in tarnation?!" the driver cried angrily. "What happened?" Bijou demanded as she lifted herself off the ground. "Some scrawny kid on a bike just completely rode up in front of my car!" the driver said. He opened his window and poked his head outside.

"Hey! Ya'll best be careful, I got'me a little girl riding in this limo and her parents'll throw a fit if she gets hurt!" he shouted. Bijou lowered her window and peeked outside. She could barely see the boy, but what she could tell was that he was about her age and had bushy red-orange hair. He blushed as he apologized over and over again.

"Ts'alright now. But you better be more careful with that bike. You could get yourself nailed by any crazy feller' behind the wheel." the driver warned as he drove away from the scene. The boy just then glanced at Bijou. She blushed and ducked her head. \_Oh my! I hope he does not think I was nosy!\_

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Bijou's house wasn't much compared to her mansion in Paris. It was a cute peach-colored waterfront mansion. It had at least three floors and from the looks of it, a very nice garden. Bijou wasn't very impressed.

\_\*\*This...Texas place has some very nice homes and a quiet peaceful neighborhood. Perhaps a little too quiet for my taste. \*\*\_

The backyard was very spacy and the porch was simply gorgeous.

\_\*\*Whatever. \*\*\_

Bijou stepped inside what would be her room. It was empty, hollow and white. "I'm sleeping \*\*here?\*\* But eet eez so...dull!" she complained. "Zhen we will bring it to life! How about we go zhiz weekend to pick out our wall colors?" Bijou's mother, now known as Mrs. Ribon squealed excitedly. Bijou shrugged.

\_\*\*At least I can make this room as comfortable as possible.  
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School business was taken care of in a matter of days for Bijou.

\_\*\*I have to start school on Monday?! \*\*\_Zut! \_(Damnit!) \_\*\*And to think I would stay home for a few weeks, practicing my English. Oh how I wish I could've snuck back on that plane to France when I had the chance! \*\*\_

The weekend came.

Bijou was all over the place, buying her supplies for her first day of middle school. She was placed in the eighth grade, which was right where she left off. Her parents were also on the move, designing their home and buying necessities like paint, tools, curtains, carpets and such.

\_\*\*On Saturday, I was walking around some American store called the Wall...Mart (strange names these Americans give their shopping centers!) when the impossible happened. I made an American friend!  
\*\*\_-

"Ouch!" Bijou and another girl winced as they rammed into each other. "Je suis desole! Pardonme-moi!" Bijou immedietaly blurted out in French, unaware that the other girl was giving her a strange look. "I'm sorry...I-I don't speak French."

The girl had long buttery-blonde hair and and big blue-green eyes. "Eh? Oh, forgive me!" Bijou blushed. "I am not accustomed to speaking in English all the time. What I meant to say was 'I am sorry. Please forgive me'." The blonde girl smiled. "It's okay, it was my fault." she insisted.

\_\*\*Her name is Pashmina and she goes to the same school I will be attending. She is very pretty and very nice. \*\*\_-

"Hey Bijou. Do you have a cellphone?" Pashmina just then asked as we walk out with our shopping bags. "No. But I should be getting one today." Bijou replied with a shake of her head. "Well, in that case.." Pashmina pulled out a pen and scribbled down her name and seven numbers on a piece of paper. "..when you \*\*do\*\* get a phone, add me. And if you need anything, just gimme a call."

"Really? Wow! \_Merci\_, Pashmina!" Bijou's eyes lit up.

\_\*\*I hope I see her at school. I will need all the help I can get.  
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Saturday faded away and Sunday was here before Bijou knew it. Her new cellphone rang by 8 am. Bijou jumped out of bed by the loud vibrations. "\_Qu'est-ce qui ne va pas?! Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?!" ("What's wrong?! What's the matter?!) she squealed. She then turned to her new Sidekick III and groaned.

Picking it up, she turned it over, her brain racking for the way to answer the call. "How do you work zhiz contraption again?" she asked herself as she turned the phone over in her hand. When she was finally able to answer it, she held it to her ear. It felt awkward.

"\_Bon---H-Hello?" Bijou answered sleepily. "Hey, it's Pashmina. From yesterday?" a voice replied. Bijou's emerald eyes opened wide. "Oh, hi!" she smiled.

\_\*\*Pashmina called Sunday morning. She said she wanted to take me shopping for school clothes. And that she'd bring a friend to meet me. So she said she's pick me up in an hour. \*\*\_-

By 9:15, Bijou was walking through the entrance doors of the Marble Falls Shopping Mall with Pashmina at her side. Suddenly, Pashmina lit up and ran over to another girl. "Thanks for coming!" she squealed as they hugged. "No problem! Unfortunetaly, my annoying big brother had to come. For 'important school stuff.' But obviously, you know what \*\*he\*\* came for." the girl replied with a grimace. "So! Where is she?"

Pashmina turned to Bijou and smiled. "Bijou, I'd like you to meet Sandy. She's one of my best friends." she said. Sandy had bright green eyes and short, strawberry-blonde hair pulled back in a side pigtail. "Oh Em Gee, Pashy. She's \*\*gorgeous!\*\*" Sandy awed. Bijou blushed. "T-Thank you."

Suddenly, a boy identical to Sandy appeared from behind her. He took one look at Bijou and smiled. "Yes she is!" he took her hand and kissed it. "\_Bonjour,\_ my dear. The name's Stan." his midnight blue eyes twinkled up at her.

"N-Nice to meet you.." Bijou looked taken aback. I didn't know Americans could speak French! Sandy eventually dragged him to her side by the arm. "Don't mind my twin brother. He looooves to flirt with every pretty girl he sees!" she smiled. Stan rolled his eyes in amusement.

While we walked around, looking for the right stores, I saw a brunette girl drop her cellphone. It looked like one of those env phones I saw yesterday at a Verizon store ad. I quickly ran over and picked it up. \*\*

"Excuse me! You dropped your phone!" Bijou tapped the girl on the shoulder. She turned around. Her ponytail swung over her shoulder. She had pretty aquamarine-like eyes hidden behind her bangs. "Oh my God. Thank you!" she said gratefully as she took the phone.

"Crystaaaaal!" Suddenly, Stan wrapped his arms around Bijou's shoulder. "Have you met my new arm candy, Bijou?" Bijou sweatdropped in confusion. "Arm...candy?" she repeated the unfamiliar term. The brunette frowned at him. "Stan! Stop scaring her!" Pashmina slapped his arm off and stood in between Bijou and Stan.

"Hey Crys! I didn't know you'd be coming to the mall today. We would've invited you." Sandy smiled as she approached the girl. "Yeah, I actually came to get me a few things." Crystal then turned to look at Bijou. "And you must be Stan's new arm candy, Bijou!"

The french teenager blushed. "I-I'm not...w-well...it...huh?" Crystal laughed. "She's so cute!" she exclaimed. "I was only joking, no worries. My name's Crystal." Bijou relaxed. "Nice to meet you!" she smiled back.

After a brief introduction, Crystal turned towards the exit. "Wish I could stay longer, but I really gotta go. I have a list of errands." she said. "Am \*\*I\*\* on the list?" Stan winked at her. Crystal pretended she didn't hear him, but it was obvious from the color of her cheeks that she had. "See you at school, Bijou. Good luck!" Crystal waved good-bye.

"Call me!" Stan shouted after her. Crystal glared at him as her cheeks turned pinker. "Shut UP!"

As they walked away, Bijou looked at Stan. "Stan?" she piped up. "Yeah, beautiful?" Stan had a nice smile. "Do not mind me asking, but...eez there some kind of...special relationship between you and Crystal?" she asked.

\_\*\*For the first time, I saw him blush. Sandy and Pashmina giggled behind me. They started saying something about them being right and how I was from the City of Romance, and I knew the signs. \*\*\_

"No! What makes you say that?" Stan shook his head, completely ignoring Pashmina and his sister.

\_\*\*Stan eventually wandered off to say hi to some boys. Most likely guyfriends. \*\*\_

"Finally!" Sandy sighed in relief as she waved at them. A few minutes later, they were in a store. "Here are some things you might like!" Sandy offered as she ran inside. "Take a look around. See what you like." Pashmina smiled at Bijou. "Okay!" she nodded happily.

It wasn't long before Bijou started collecting many clothes to try on. Suddenly, she slipped on a cotton skirt on the floor. "EEK!" Bijou squealed as she fell, her clothes spilling all over the floor. "Oww!" she winced as she landed on her back.

"Ohmygod, Bijou!" she heard Sandy gasp. Bijou could tell the entire store was staring at her. \_Great. Just what I need. An audience.

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\_\*\*The mall's first impression of Bijou Ribon: clumsy, loud and French!\*\*\_

"Oh my God, are you okay?" Bijou heard a guy's voice above me. She could see his sillhouette hovering over her from the lights on the ceiling. "I'm fine." Bijou lied. She blushed furiously as she sat up, embarrassed. "A-Are you sure?" the boy suddenly touched Bijou's shoulder. His fingers felt warm. She forced herself to look up.

It was the boy from the other day, that had almost gotten hit by her limo! Except his thick hair was half red on his left side and half white on his right. He looked extremely worried as he leaned towards her. He had the biggest, brightest, most beautiful shade of blue eyes she had ever seen.

Bijou immedietaly felt sucked into his gaze. She was speechless as they locked eyes. He examined her with concern, his hand still on her shoulder. "Hey...a-are you alright?" he asked gently. Pashmina and Sandy couldn't help but see the look on Bijou's face and watch the scenario from nearby.

"Huh...oh! Y-Yes. I'm fine." Bijou quickly looked down and blushed. "Well, here lemme help you up." the boy offered. Bijou was about to protest, until he took her hand while he reached for her back with his other arm. Slowly, he helped Bijou to her feet. Bijou felt numb, but her cheeks were very warm.

"You okay? You're kinda red." the boy looked at her again. Bijou's

heart jumped. \_Oh no! Now he knows I'm blushing! What if he thinks I like him?!\_ "Oh, it's nozzing. J-Just...the impact of the fall. I-It scared me." Bijou lied.

"It's alright. Say, what's your name? I've never seen you around here." the boy asked. "Bijou..." Bijou replied shyly. "Hi Bijou, I'm Hamtarō!" Hamtarō had an adorable, sweet smile. "Hi..." Bijou flushed as she examined his smile.

"Hey, do you go by any chance to Marble Falls Middle School?" Hamtarō asked. "Oui. Do you go there?" Bijou questioned. "Yeah! This is so cool! That means I'll see you again tomorrow. And if do, I'll even show you around." Hamtarō offered. "Uhh, o-okay." Bijou agreed shyly.

"Well, I gotta go. Hope I see you soon, Bijou." Hamtarō touched her arm. "And I hope you're okay." Bijou felt a spark. It made her spine tingle. "Don't worry about me, I'm fine." she reassured him. He nodded and began to walk out. "Oh, and Bijou?"

"Yes?"

"I like your ribbons." Bijou suddenly touched the blue ribbons tied around her pigtails. She rarely had her hair up in that hairstyle. Hamtarō's eyes beaming at her made her blush again. "Th...thank you." she whispered. Hamtarō smiled sweetly again before walking out.

I heard a whistle just then and felt an arm around my shoulder. I realized how it didn't have that same warmth that Hamtarō's touch had. "I see you've met your first American crush!" Stan said. "What?! No, that's not how eet eez! And when did you get here?" Bijou shook her head.

"Ohmygod, Bijou! Are you okay?" Pashmina ran up to me with Sandy at her heel. "I'm fine." Bijou was getting tired of saying that. "Ooooh! You met Hamtarō Haruna I see!" Sandy cooed. Stan smiled at her in agreement. "Yes." Bijou nodded and got shy all over again. "Well? Whaddaya think?" Pashmina joined in. "H-He's a nice boy. Very polite." Bijou replied.

"Do you think he's cute?" Sandy added. Bijou bit her lower lip. "He's...attractive." she confessed. "Do you like him?" Stan squeezed my shoulder. Bijou's heart pounded.  
"U-Umm...s-s-see...i-it's...I-I...I...don't know."

"Okay, let's leave her alone." Pashmina eventually came to Bijou's rescue. She felt relieved that she didn't have to answer any more questions. It made her stomach twist into knots and a large hollow gap to swell up in her throat.

\_\*\*By the time I left the mall, I had gotten Sandy and Stan's cellphone numbers. Stan offered me Hamtarō's number, but after refusing a several dozen times, he gave me Crystal's number instead.  
\*\*\_-

\_\*\*However, ever since that moment, I couldn't help but think more and more about Hamtarō and how those beautiful sapphire gems looked down at me. He was so sweet and gentle with me, as if I were a gem myself. It felt...nice. \*\*\_-

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\*\*A/N\*\*\*\*: Wow! I actually finished! Woo-hoo! Hope it wasn't too long or draggy, I was setting up the plot! Hope you liked it! And PLZ peoples--I haven't said this in a while either--Review Nicely! More Hamtaro/Bijou fluffiness is straight ahead!

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\*\*U.Kno.I.Luv.U!\*\*

\*\*Crystalgurl101\*\*

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End  
file.